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canvas such an admirable distance and such a sky. Of the four small examples of Meissonier, we would point to the "Charity"—a beggar-woman carrying a badly painted child, appealing for alms to a man on a superbly painted horse—as a sample of realism as uncompromising as Zola's, and to "At the Barracks," with its strong effect of sunshine and shadow, as a canvas showing more of an out-of-door feeling than we often find in this master's work. Madrazo's "Lady Feeding pet Monkey" is a beautiful bit of work; the lady's bare arms and face, and blue skirt being very nearly the perfection of brush-work. Compare such a picture made out of nothing, so far as subject goes, with the pretentious, flat and insipid "Triumph of Germanicus," by the over-rated Karl von Piloty, with its academical composition, chalky color, and absurd posing and expressions, of which third-rate actors would be ashamed!

The spirited horses and riders by Chelmsky in "Off for the Hunt" and "Return from the Hunt" might give a needed hint to no less a man than M. Gérôme, whose horses, in his flashy "Chariot Race," are seriously lacking in life. Andreas Achenbach's "Storm at Sea" and "Fishing Barks Returning to Scheveningen" are good examples of this very clever landscapist, who knows how to place his figures as few modern landscapists do, and whose excellent effects of light owe so much to old-fashioned thoroughness in the observation and drawing of shadows. Of Munkacsy there was but one example—a good one—"The Visit to the Baby," full of magnificent brush-work rendered ineffective, except in spots, by his besetting sin of monotony and want of discrimination in the values of his darks. Near it hung a Benjamin Constant, "Evening on the Terrace, Morocco," certainly not the work of so strong a man, nor, to an artist, as interesting a picture, but much more successful in making a single united impression, mainly because Constant knows how to vary his darks as well as any man living.

Fichel's "Going to Mass, Church of St. Sulpice, Eighteenth Century" was one of the curiosities of the show, all fluted pillars and rows of sedan-chairs, with their bearers, seen from a second-story window, judging by the perspective, but a noteworthy painting for all that. There is a good Daubigny, "End of the Month of May," apple-trees in blossom, a mossy road, quiet evening sky; a charming Frère, "Dinner-Time," the light from a high window falling on the table around which a peasant family are gathered in a big and picturesque kitchen. Of the half dozen or so "Old Masters," the Murillo, "Boy with Kettle," and the "Head," attributed to Rembrandt, look genuine. The latter is full of character and quiet life; the former is a splendid bit of technique. The "Titian"—a "Madonna and Child"—certainly is charming in color. A fine portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, hung near them.

The small Gérôme, "Une Collaboration," illustrated at the beginning of this article—one of the two figures in the picture is that of Molière—is, perhaps, the most desirable example of the artist in the collection. When we mention further Bouguereau's "Return from the Harvest," "At the Shoemaker's," by Madou; "The Begging Monk," by Zamacois, and Clairin's "Carnival, Venice," it may be said that we have included pretty nearly every picture of sterling merit in the A. T. Stewart collection.

At the recent sale in London, by order of the Court of Chancery, of the household effects of the notorious Lord St. Leonards, among some more than doubtful canvases ascribed to Rembrandt, Vandyck and Velasquez, Godfrey Kneller, Peter Lely and Joshua Reynolds, which brought from five to twenty-five dollars apiece, and may be expected to turn up in this country sooner or later, were a few undoubtedly genuine pictures by famous masters, which went at fairly good prices. Gabriel Metz's "Poultry Stall" brought \$1525, and a figure-piece by the same artist, formerly in the Duc de Berri's collection, went for \$1305. A sea view of Rotterdam by Van Goyen sold for \$900, a fine portrait by Teniers brought \$5000, and a portrait by Reynolds, or Hoppner, \$3575. The high prices realized by the sale of the Copley-Fielding water-color drawings—Vokins, the dealer, paid \$4300 for "Bolton Abbey"—ought to strengthen the market for water-colors, which has been somewhat damaged of late by discussions as to their durability.

FRANK MYERS BOGGS is at work on a vast picture eighteen feet long, representing the Central Market at Paris early in the morning, with all the movement and picturesque agitation of the spot. It will figure at the next Salon.

PICTURES IN PARIS.

EXHIBITIONS AT THE CLUBS—DECADENCE OF THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY—CHARLES TOCHÉ'S REMARKABLE FRESCOS.

THE season of picture exhibitions has begun with the shows in the clubs of the Rue Volney and of the Place Vendôme, and with the exhibition of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français. Formerly these minor exhibitions, which precede the grand bazaar of the annual Salon, were of great interest, because they contained a certain number of minor, finished works by masters, and a quantity of studies which, though not important enough to be shown in the Salon, were, nevertheless, of great interest both to the general public and to artists. At present these exhibitions are in a state of complete decadence; they are being ruined by the invasion of amateurs, and by the growing commercialism of the professionals. About the exhibitions of the two clubs there is little to be said; you find the same names in each catalogue, and in each show-room similar pictures, hung even more promiscuously than they would be hung at the Salon. It is a sad spectacle. What can one say about it? What reason is there for mentioning the usual portrait by Bonnat, or the usual fantastic pseudo-historical portrait by Jules Lefebvre, this time entitled "Clemence Isaure," though it might as well be labelled "Ophelia" or simply "Mary Ann"? In the whole collection I can cite with unmixed pleasure only one picture, "Le chemin de traverse," "The By-way," by J. C. Cazin. It is a landscape in sandy Picardy, with its pale green herbage and wind-worried trees, suggesting the neighborhood of the sea. There is a cottage with a red tile roof; against the cottage leans a pigsty; the sky is reddened by the sunset, and the country postman—sole living figure visible in the solitude—hurries along the path past the cottage and over the desolate heath. The subject is simplicity itself, and yet by the mystery of harmonies of color, and by the synthesis of observation made by an impressionable and serious temperament, the picture as a whole provokes reverie and emotion. It is precisely this "emotive" quality which constitutes the charm of M. Cazin's work. M. Cazin is a man of infinitely cultivated mind, a painter who thinks, and not a thinker who paints. By dint of patient and exquisite study he penetrates the mysteries of reality; but the contemplation of reality in his case always precedes creation, or, in other words, the operation of the eyes which perceive precedes the operation of the mind which conceives. The distinction is radical, and the reader need only remember the works of Puvis de Chavannes or of Gustave Moreau, in order to comprehend its importance. These two latter artists are thinkers who paint. In this same category of thinkers who paint we may place Cornelius, Burne-Jones, and Elihu Vedder, for whom painting is a sort of writing, and a writing of a hieratic rather than of a demotic character. The painters who think are less common, but the charm of their work is universal and eternal, and needs no exegesis, no key, no doctrinal commentary. The simplest are susceptible to its human charm.

The present is the ninth annual exhibition of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français. It is to be noted with regret that year by year this society becomes less interesting. At the time of its foundation the society was composed of fifteen members, almost all first-class artists, who worked in widely different veins, and whose collective efforts produced a most varied and remarkable exhibition. At present the society consists of forty-eight members, among whom are many amateurs or rich persons who paint for their amusement. This year nine new members have been elected. Next year twenty new names will doubtless be found on the list, for the prestige of the society has been lost. The Société d'Aquarellistes is now a house open to the first comer; the title necessary to secure admission is no longer talent, but the simple payment of an entrance fee of \$500. In such conditions it is not wonderful that the standard of the exhibition has sunk to such a degree that its future is likely to be compromised. Doubtless the artists find very marked commercial advantages in their association and in this collective exhibition. We cannot blame them for looking keenly after their pecuniary interests; on the other hand there is no reason why the independent critic should dwell at any length on these manifestations in which art plays a very small rôle. In the whole exhibition we may note first of all certain interesting efforts of M. Albert Besnard to render simply an observed reality. M. Besnard had the misfortune to gain the Prix de

Rome, and, consequently, to be subjected to the conventional influence of the Villa Medici and narrow academic instruction. At present M. Besnard is in revolt; he is a rebel and an insurgent who is seeking his way. M. Duez and M. Maurice Courant exhibit some studies from nature freely handled and full of air and freshness. Mme. Madeleine Lemaire exhibits some magnificent water-colors of fruit and flowers, most delectable in their transparent and savory perfection. MM. Roger Jourdain and Georges Jeannot also exhibit excellent work. MM. Français and Harpignies send a number of landscapes, good of the kind, and resembling in every point the landscapes which they exhibited last year and the year before.

The other day, in company with some brother Parisian critics, I went down to Chenonceaux to inspect M. Toché's work, which is nearly finished, and I may confess that we were all profoundly and agreeably surprised. In this century of easel pictures and painted wall ornaments there exists, we found, an artist, Charles Toché, who has resuscitated a lost art; who has conceived an immense decorative ensemble and carried out his plan successfully; who has painted twelve hundred square metres of fresco work—not so-called fresco on canvas, or fresco on plaster, but the real old Italian fresco painted with earthen colors on a surface of lime and sand—imperishable fresco such as Botticelli and Luini and Tiepolo painted. This resuscitation of the old art of fresco would alone be a title to fame. The panels, the ceilings, the general decorative frame-work combined with very elaborate sculpture and stucco work, the allegories and the vast ornamental designs which now adorn the gallery of Chenonceaux, prove that M. Toché has preserved a sense of sumptuous color and of patrician splendor which none of our modern professional decorators have attained. The correct work of Baudry and Galland would appear cold and feeble beside the brilliant, rich, and always harmonious compositions with which M. Toché has adorned the gallery of Chenonceaux. Whatever criticisms may be made, the fact remains that the ensemble of this decoration is rich and pleasing to the eye as a whole; curious, amusing, and interesting in detail. The fact also remains that there is no other living artist who could have carried this vast scheme of fresco and sculpture and architecture to successful accomplishment. These are sufficient reasons to justify us in proclaiming Charles Toché to be a remarkable artist.

THEODORE CHILD.

FRUIT-PAINTING IN OILS.

IV.—SMALL FRUIT—CHERRIES—APRICOTS—WILD FRUITS.

IN the representation of small fruit it would seem with most young artists to be a matter of considerable difficulty to dispose the subject so as to give the picture a graceful, pleasing effect, preserving at the same time the strength and brilliancy of nature. It is certainly no easy task. Beauty and grace in design, at best, are an arduous study, demanding close observation, concentrated thought, and constant practice. We must learn the great art of choosing and adapting, discarding awkward and disagreeable forms, and substituting the opposite. There is a painter's, as well as a poet's, license, and the one is just as legitimate as, and as important as the other. One often hears the remark from over-practical persons, that, provided a picture be "true to nature," other qualities are of little consequence; which simply means, that, no matter how prosaic and common-place a picture may be, if it but fills all the technical requirements of art, and is a faithful transcript or copy of the subject, it should be perfectly satisfactory. While it may readily be granted that truth is indispensable, yet a picture which has nothing else to recommend it will be very uninteresting, for it will betray a lack of knowledge in composition—of beauty of form and color. Some persons have much less than others to contend with in this respect, for the reason that they possess an intuitive perception of the beautiful in nature, and select and combine, instinctively, as it were, all the ideal possibilities of which a given subject is capable. Many, on the other hand, can only learn by years of study and practice to see nature with an artist's eye.

Cherries make a beautiful subject. One of the simplest and most graceful ways of painting them is to select a small branch well filled with the fruit, swing it up in a natural, yet graceful, position against a gray background, taking care to detach those leaves which inter-